

Forces

Volume 2001

Article 26

5-1-2001

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Recommended Citation

Rosenthal, Alisha (2001) "Apple Tree," *Forces*: Vol. 2001 , Article 26.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2001/iss1/26>

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Apple Tree

Alisha Rosenthal

Unlike the apple tree that mocks the early spring
With its fullness and beautiful white blooms,
I am mocked by my own infertility. I have no
Illuminative glow about me. I do not
Stick out in the rain and muck like an innocent halo of prolificacy.

Unlike the apple tree that watches it blooms,
Frozen by the ever unexpected final blast of winter air,
Fall dead to the ground, I cannot handle the devastation
Of losing what Mother Nature intended me to keep.

Unlike the apple tree whose roots
Can withstand being immersed in that last fall of ice and snow,
I freeze at the thought of having to live until spring when all else
around me is fertile.

Unlike the apple tree, who can reproduce again and again,
I am barren.

I am . . .

Unlike the apple tree.